

Liberal Religious Your 25 Beacon Street Boston, MA 02108 (617) 742-2105 x370

S

Boston



--1 was going through the files one morning...a dusty cabinet in the corner called to me. I opened the bottom drawer, and my eyes were met by files of old papers. I pulled out a copy from the back of the file. Nameless Newsprint circa 1969. An IRV Publication That preceded Soup. This article was written about LRV twelve years ago. IRV has been growing and changing continually since it's very beginnings. yet it has been said that the more thing change, the more things stay the same... For some reason this seemed appropriate...

Sharing Stones With Rings

Have you ever lived off the street?... Walked alone inside the rain?...Ruddled in the darkness of doorways that never open and watched the faces move on past you?

Have you ever lived off the streets?...
Not my street, yours-I don't remember you;
Charles St., Boston; Haight St., San Francisco; York St., Toronto; University Ave.,
Berkeley..."23rd St." leads to Heaven, but
if you walk its sidewalks alone you'll never

And watching those faces pass by...eyes that lift wide for recognition but close again with nothingness, hands that reach from pockets but return empty...

And your pockets filled with stones to share on your pockets filled with stones to share ...so many stones...you wander the shores of a city metropolis searching for children to say the hem with...dreams wrapped in crystal cloth...losing their magic because you can't find someone to unfold them for.

Have you walked alone down those endless Have you walked alone down those endless streets looking for people to skip your gifts to, unwrap your dreams to?... Have you watched their faces and reached because there was a gentleness... you heard a voice, a word spoken, you looked up but there was no one there, then you turned and there was a face that looked familiar... and you screamed inside but it didn't answer because it was your reflection in a store window. Man, Have you walked down Patchen's "23rd St."... turning the corners of your lifetime, hoping that around one of them would be Heaven.. hoping one would hold a thousand children, all with their pockets bulging with stones to share...hoping... but always turning and finding another doorway locked, another place where you thought you heard words but there was no one around to speak them. one around to speak them.

If you have, then you know... Lonliness, (lonliness with a capital "L") that finds you in hidden doorways, that peers at you through store windows and then chases you down sidewalks.... that waits for you to turn those corners.

Lonliness...

Lonliness...

I remember when I used to feel it...
a lot of the time... then I got mixed up in some organization called Liberal Religious Youth... that was seven years ago... I still feel it (we all do) but not as much anymore. Sometimes I find myself walking senselessly alone down one of those streets, then I awake... think a little about where things are at... then run to the nearest shore where stones are being shared, voices heard ... children's laughter. Sometimes I visualize people joining in circles... faces that are familiar... two of those hands mine, touching the warmth of something in common... these people might call themselves LRYers.

Liberal Religious Youth... When I think Liberal Religious Youth... When I think about what I might have done if I hadn't happened to...you know...make the connections... I think of all the stones I might have buried in my back yard, high above the ocean because I hadn't found anyone to share them with. Well I don't even begin to remember what corner it all started around--I just feel my hands, my body and my mind... and they're warm from the circles I've lived within.

cont. on p.3



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People Soup, Vol. VIII, Issue III. A publication of Liberal Religious Youth. Inc., Boston Massachusetts. A non-profit youth organization affiliated with the Unitarian Universalist Association. Al rights reserved. July, 1981. All

The cast of thousands...

Amy Shapiro, Nan Warshaw, Keith Knost, Ryk McIntyre, Jeff Edmonds Lisa Feldstein, Princely, Trace DeHaven, "The Border Tape Brigade" James Bohem on phone, Mike Davis, Hunter Thompson in spirit, Kath-ryn Price (ed) on typewriter and neurosis, Hary Helchior, Kimba Le Punque...etc...etc...mishna-

Cover: Photo: Prince. Drawing:
Keith Knost.

Additional Graphics: Paul Borneo Ursula Shea, Carlene Gard-ener, and whoever else has scrawled anything... Love and thanks to all who made this possible...ilove you --ed.

Your contributions for this paper Your contributions for this paper are welcomed, appreciated, and NEEDED. This publication is made possible through your energies, both nhysical and spiritual. All contributions will be considered for publication. We can't pay for contributions...as the budget is in ill health...(financial condelence and quarties about advertising rates eagerly accepted at:) People Soup
25 Beacon St Boston HA

02108

All those who know they are Fif-

ty-Firsters, And all those who think they are Fifty-Firsters, Should guarantee that they ARE Slaters by getting the following

of the solution of the Roster:

Name, Rank, reason for initiation (to the best of your knowledge) & Commanding Officer present at time, Locale, Reasonably Permanent Mailing Address and Phone Number.

Send this info to: "Colonel" Brian Over (Oelburg) 301 North Mountain Av er Montclair N.J. 07043 (201) 783-6253

DO IT NOW! ALOHA!

Keri, Happy Birthday again, wasn't it a wonderful weekend?! Thanks again for the wedding present from the bottom of my racing heart. Sorry I missed racing neart. Sorry I missed your party, but there was busi-ness to attend to. (you know that scene) Love, Kathryn P.S. HEYF!!YA COMIN' TO CON CON!? HUR!? HUH!?

Everyone has an option...

as of September...
Amy Shapiro
Antioch College
Student Mailroom Yellow Springs, OH 45387

So you want to be a Sleazy Bun-So you want to be a Steazy Bun-nie (51st Afrborne eat our dirt). Apply c/o L.R.Y. 40 E. 35th St. New York, NY 10016, The Home of Bunnies Local, says Lori and Stephy who run the damm thing. Hi Lucille.

We're gonna rape kill pillage and burn, gonna rapekillpillage andburn Eat Bunnies.

Da'Kook (1st lieutenant in charge of messes and affairs, 51st sir-borne), will be working the con-con kitchens this summer. Anyone with ideas for interesting dishes special meals or general fool-ishness, contact lane Betz at her summer address (some where on this page), p.s. Munchkins will be squeezed for work! beware!!

\$25 reward for the return of my vest lost at Taco Villa last December. Please contact me, David Skinner, thru the LRY office. Leave your name and

Laura-I don't worry ab as much as our mother does, but that doesn't mean I don't think about you. Love and all that about you. Love and all that stuff that's hard to talk about Amy 🖜

This is only goodbye--T.D.

Dominate me quick!

Leslie K.-It seems we see each other less and less. I love you.-Amy

disclaimer: I wrote that song as a joke, honest.... but now that sheerest bve fer now....trace

"You are my SUNCO, my only SUNCO..." you people were SUNCO..." you people were so wonderful...I almost felt so wonderful...I almost felt like a (conference) virgin again...I don't really have most of your addresses, I'd love to hear from you...please write? much love, the strange LRYer from Boston with drawings on her teams

OUASEEREEEEEE!!! Will where QUASEEEEEEEEE!! Will where are you (whimper) I miss you, I felt like we just said hello and never even got a chance to say goodbye (and lots of other things) I don't know how to find you..let me know you're alive? PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!??!?

Boulder LRY: just a blab to the world how proud I am to be your advisor. You're a neat bunch of folks and I love you all--even if I am 40! Thanks for the birthday bash. Libby.

Hey Outnot I got a present for ya...

It's just what you've always
wanted. Her name is Kimba. With love and scratches, Nan

TYK, MAKE ME COFFEEE! TYPE THIS!
DRAW ON THE WALL! WRITE A POEM!
HELP ME WITH THIS! GIVE ME PAPER
TO SCRAWL MY HEART OUT ON! GET HE HUNTER THOMESON, PATTI SHITH, AND T.S. ELIOT ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW! (hell, we're not even married...or are we?...)

Amy, Kim, George, Moosemeat. Evelyn, Topaz, hamsters, Ron, Max, Paul V., Paul B., Julie, and everyone -- Shine ON! Dream ON! everyone -- S Peace, lydia

Hey Austinites: the house hasn't mey Austinites: the house hash't sold, so if we rent, you'll see us now and then as we play slum landlords. Be sure to get your bods to all MICONS so we can see your faces. Still love and miss you all. Will wave from Flag-staff Mountain above Boulder. The Pitts.

Mary Bana-pants! I loved your personal! By the time you read this, maybe the cavalry will have rescued us from the Fort. Dave, Q, and I love Colorado and would Q, and I love Colorado and would love to see you at MICON! I quiver with antici...pation! Reep smilin' Babe! Love, Libby. Annika: It was well worth it. Did you go to IRF? Luv, Nan Chris, let's dream some more... Love always (even across the country), Nan

Murgily...Life is good. Are you still existant? Drop a line. Love, MM

jaya-ÉrI-kṛṣṇa caitanya prabhu nitynanda / jayādvaita gadādhara Śrīvāsāde gauta bhakta vṛnda

Tom Ochser -- I'm not Perfect!!! Guess who.

Hey y'all, I'm thinking of you here in the big wide world! Much love to all my I.R.F. friends (Lynne, Linds, Eric, Aoi, Rogec, et.al.) and my old D.V.F. buddies (Elly, Katy, Modra, and well just everyone! I'm at Box 2250 Brown U. in Providence R.I. 02912 -- Chris Grands

PERSONALS &

NOTICE

(an LRWIRE) Dear LRYers, If you would like to recieve GRUST, Starr King's newsletter, send your address (and maybe even your name) to: GRUST c/o

Jack Bragen
3600 Granzotto Drive
Concord, CA 94519

NINE!!!!!!omigodimessedup The zip code is 94519

Hessage to all'those who know Message to all'those who know me, those who don't but wish they did, and those who just read personals hoping to see one written for them, (heliol). I'm hiding out in a 15' by 7' room surrounded by millions of T.V.'s constantly showing "Dallas", and fear my brain will be damaged if I emerge. So I'm staying put. All those who wish to contact me can do so by writing to me at:

wish to contact me can do so by writing to me at:

The 15' by 7' room
510 Maple Ave.
Philippi, WV. 26416

ALSO: Anyone going from or through Pittsburgh on their way to Con Con--PLEASE let me know.
It's a long bus ride from W.V.
to Missouri.--love, Kat (alias

To the Phoenix Four: To the Phoenix Four: Thanks for your caring and understanding. I'm still mad about missing Chaco Canyon, but that's life. Aren't you glad the bus didn't break down, and KG didn't run through the "Road Closed" barricade?

Let's hear if for Raton, RM! Love, Libby, the Fifth Phoenix

DREW where are yew? I would love to hear from either the man him-self, or <u>anyone</u> knowing the most recent address of a once LRY Derby, formerly of Rutland, Ver-mont. It would be greatly ap-preciated. Write: Jane King 3831 Hampton Drive Anchorage, Alaska 99504

Bey, Je (pronounced "gee...")
how ye doin'??? HUH? HUH?
I know that God is everywhere,
but I think it would work better
i if we didn't have to stretch it
all the way between Boston and
Florida...I mean, we night be
meaning un relecommunications messing up telecommunications all along the East Coast...Have you found that having a god complex seems to make people treat you somewhat differently? -- sus.

Lee, we fixed the shower, you Lee, we fixed the shower, you can have your toothbrush back if f, you want it...but you have to come and get it. I'll be waiting in the bathtub with three cases of beer and an assortment of friends.

"Hey, look, she really misses the guy, Right Bo?" --Yup...

Who am I gonna sing "That'll be the day" with now, huh Bo? "Yuo Ah shut up

"Yup."
I said shut up stupid!

AAAAGH! Bahzzz! Bahzzz! Bahzzz! I'm cleaning up my image. F.B. doesn't stand for Fuck Bunny, it stands for Fraternity Brother. Still confused? Come see for your -self. Colin MacDougal, 0× house

-self. Colin MacDougal, 0× house
315 16th Ave S.E., MPLS, MN 55414
(612)331-7929.

Alicia, how and where are you?
I never would have gotten the
last issue out in time without
you. Thanks again. love and"D"
labels—the voice from under
the table

We'll get there, eventually.

Nice tits, Janet! -Lisa & David Laurie- Would you like some Orange juice? -Other half of the dangerous combination

Marc Pinsinneault- where are you? I will be at 605 Pleasant St. Belmont, MA 02178 from July to late August. Please contact me, it's been a long time, lane

Erin: "I will never forget you, I will never forsake you...".
Thanks for your time, energy, and, most of all, love. -Lisa
Jet P: DIMG-DONKE GROWN GEN!

Julie Sakariason, Hey there, how's life in the sun? Drop me a line sometime and let me know what's up. -Ruthe P.S. I don't care if you're corrupted. I love you any way.

Cathy Reed, I'm sorry to say but creamcheese lives on. I love you! -Prince

Rape, Kill, Pillage and Burn, gonnarapekillpillageandburn EAT BABIES! love, Hank (Punchy)

(lesson in Pun-Chy) Ding wa choy choy? Ding wa moo goo guy Ding wa moo goo guy pan Dong Ding Ming Chow! Dong Ding Ming Chow! -Hank Private Kaity and Erin: "You're so vain, you probably think this song is about you." Love you both! -Lisa

Tise- Thanks for the news, love. It made my day. I hope Iceland is wonderful. -Your big sister

Q: What do you call a line of rabbits walking backwards?
A: A receding hareline.

LEE, I love you. -your wife

Look here, I don't know what the hell is happening here. Our par-ties are too small. We need you! -ove, Devo-o

Erin--Mrs. Walton says "hello" love, Prince

Hey cutie, (yeah, you again, Erin) you didn't think I'd type those personals and not say hi to you too, didja? -guess who (winkwink)

Kaity, I loved dancing with you at Star. You've been such an ins-piration to me...sorry we couldn't spend more time together when you dropped by...maybe sometime soon. Love to you and the rest of our improv. group (John and Margo!) -kathryn

Suzan Victoria. I love vou E let's go back and visit little Billy in the parlour sometime.

S-T-A-R! S-T-A-R! Oceanic! Oceanic! RA! RA! RA! I WILL Come Back! I WILL Come Back! love, light, and U.r.v...
Aimee...ssleft, drool, beer-baths, and white!"etc,etc, "cheap, warm, and white!"etc.etc, je t'aime mon amie...don't forget me when you're back in the real world...

> ...come out from under the table and draw me some teardrops?....

NOTICE The theme for the memorial day
Princeton conference has been
changed to "Itches & Scratches"
--Big Brother

Nathan, we can't keep meeting like this! But I remembered it: 2141 and 47402. It's my mantra.

ខ្មីន្តី

CUTE LITTLE GIRLS DESERVE TO DIE

Wanted: One male blond. Not too tall or short fat or thin. Must be good-looking and nice! Call 895-4037 You asked for it bunny! Love always, Cassie

Question of the week: who wanted to be a bottle of Bosco when she grew up? Love to you Lisa up in the wilds of Boston. I really miss you! (when you think about it aren't I sending a personal to myself? strange) Now I am using the mirrors if he's going to think I am anyway then why not!

ż

the table

Sharing... (cont. from p.1)

But the seasons die and new ones are born... the circles turn and hands are always the circles turn and names are always leaving for other circles... spaces for others to come and share. The circles turn to the music of their never sounds, and the spirits of those who have come and gone dance within them..... Circles turning... seasons changing... people moving on, taking memories with them. Remembering the warmth, and the ways they've grown.

and the ways they've grown.

Now I'm looking back at LRY... Where is LRY now?... I feel it's grown through strength and learning... I feel a whole historical background of both joy and pain from which it has grown... I feel a "never understanding"... I see LRY growing from a child to an adult... slowly... aging as it pulls the things it's learned together, and I watch it bending lower to gather its changes and make its commitments... and it's beautiful, but I'm worried...and when I reach back I remember... I remember the faces and the stones that were shared... I'm worried, and my worries are filled with confusion.

I want LRY to lift gently from the ground...

I want LRY to lift gently from the gro taking its commitments with it.. stand up and straighten... stretch itself to the sky and take deep, healthy breath of where things are at with all the hands that make

Now before we are all choked to death by abstracts, let me explain. Liberal Religious Youth now grows closer to the UUA... in becoming one... in a "newer understanding"... and it's beautiful. It is time for LRY to and it's beautitui. It is time for LKY to be part of the changes... to be a part of the growth. It is a time for LRY to find a basis in the Church... to understand and be understood. But within LRY and SRL there are many who don't feel close to the Uni-tarian Church... don't share the commitments. Some of these people are not Unitarians, but rather come from other religions; some have grown up in Unitarian Sunday schools, then drifted away; and some are struggling in understanding what a religion can be... it

"Liberal Religious Youth"...all these people have one thing in common... we need each other... we need to feel the warmth of other hands... no, not just the warmth, but more so the feeling that there are things to share, a place to go together... a place to grow together.

"A friend and 1 have grown very close

through the years, emptying many pockets of stones to each other, sharing stones with rings, and special dreams wrapped in crystal cloth...

w we are older... our feet a little firmer to the ground



we find the circles that seem to make our lives are different and it is getting harder to share them.

But our love is strong and the need to share is great To have each other we must find new

circles...open

our lives and search for things in common.
...places to grow together."

Liberal Religious Youth has got to keep its oneness... its fellowship... the larger the circle that speaks of "we would be one." The larger circle from the smaller ones grows. A place with commitments, but more so a place sway from our commitments (I said "our" commitments because we all have them... they're just different at times.).

LRY has been a place of diversity... reaching to the streets and pulling some people away from "Lonliness" back to where words are spoken, and where when you turn you'll find someone that wants to share them. LRYers have come from so many different streets... so many hidden doorways ... and look at them... reach back and look at the roads they've travelled... so many different roads... and where those roads have taken them. have taken them.

LRY has been an ocean, and for years we've stood on its shores and shared our stones ... skipping them through each other's lives. And the stones we've shared have been of different shapes... some have felt good to hold in our hands, others haven't, but we've been able to share them all.

And I'd hate to wake up some day and find that some of the people that were a part of LRY, or could have been a part, were washed away because they didn't have the right things to share, or the right commitments... or the same roads to travel.

I want to see that larger circle wheeling... spinning through its music.

And the shores of LRY always lined with children--wandering, gathering, and filling their pockets with stones to share.

> menlo macferlane dec 4th '69 (?) reprinted from Nameless Newsprint
> Vol. 1, No. 4

dissertation of a fool

By Michelle Walter

Throughout the ages history has recorded the presence of fools. Fools can be a number of things. Usually fools are people from all walks of life. There are good fools, bad fools, foolish fools, nobody's fool and fooling around. Some fools are easy to see, others contain their foolishness in more subtle

A solid definition is always a A solid definition is always a plus when finding out fools. The Random House Dictionary provides an answer, "a silly or stupid person; who lacks aense." On the other hand, the dictionary reveals that a fool is "a dish make of fruit, scalded or steved, crushed, and mixed with cream." A problem has arisen, what is a fool? Sounds delectable to one with a hearty appetite. Since the dictionary is not an accurate source, one must turn to the moral majority. The moral majority rules the thoughts and actions of most minds in our world. To help our predicament in defining fools, a look at who was classified as a fool in earlier times would be a great help.

was classified as a fool in earlier times would be a great help.

A fool is usually someone who is different from most of the masses.

Vincent Van Gogh was different. Through his paintings we interpret that he saw life in a blurred way. He also fits the block of a fool in love (those irrational, sensels, people who thriting a beneated the same later of senseless people who thrive on happiness) he was so foolish he cut off his ear for love. One must wonder whether his talents or actions were more foolish. It is a fact his foolishness was not fondly taken. Some fools discovered other fools were wrong. Galileio negated Aristotle's laws of nature. The medieval magistrates cried "Fooli" while Galileo snickered "fools..." "Fool!" while Gallies snickered "fools..."
Now the magistrates must feel foolish.
Adolf Hitler was a fool who undertook a
campaign to make sure no one knew it.
Actually, he lacked sense and was a firm
fitter of the Random House definition.
Joan of Arc was a fool because she stood
up for what she believed in. Who were the
fools while she fried?

Sometimes it was fashionable to be foolish. In meddeval times a Feast of Fools took place once a year. It was a time when everyone was a fool for a day. It was the only time the real fools could rest easy. Soon the feast became to foolhardy and had to be stopped. King Lear, a character in a play written by Shakespeare, was a reformed fool. He dunderheadedly saw love as something to be touched. He finally realized what love really was and died

foolishly happy, K.A. Porter wrote a novel depicting that the earth houses a ship of fools. Her philosophy is that each person is searching for happiness but there is no release and they are always threatened with destruction. Who is to say whether her ideas are foolish? Some fools state searching, learning, and interpreting are the keys to eternal bliss. No matter how the fact is revealed, fools are everywhere to be found.

the fact is revealed, fools are everywhere to be found.

James Douglas Morrison, a renowned fool of the late sixties, also announced that the earth is a "ship of fools". He did not, however, have the same views as Ms. Forter. He saw the world as a planet heading for destruction. Mr. Morrison died in his bathtub. (so they say-ed) With the dawn of technology and the decline of humanity, it seems the only fools are the ones who destroy the beauty surrounding them. Alas, the same question has yet to be answered...What is a fool?



And a joyous giggle
Of my drunken-wine petals
Sprinkling condensed
Sweet-grape-dew tears,
Cleansing the air.

My flavoring rush of tendril-spreading arbors, Cellecting the day Meditations
The Clusters of lilacs
Hover on the brink of foolishness.

--Lisa Mule'

PROFILE



TRACE

Is there really such a thing as "the typical LRYer"?...Many years ago it was said that the only "typical" LRYers that existed were Joe Taco and his friend Suzy Creamcheese. Well, I can't say that Trace is typical...but I will say that every time he has performed this song at an LRY coffeehouse he has struck a familiar chord (or at least elicited a smile) from everyone in the room. At first I wasn't too sure how this would be received by the people who don't know Trace; but due to the flood of "we want Trace" letters, and, well, why not!? We proudly present to you this months "coverperson"---(da ta da dasaa!) (wait for it...) Trace DeHaven!!!!!!!!!!!!

ON TAKE GOVERES PEOPLE DOOP

(sung to the music of "On the Cover of The Rolling Stone" by Shel Silverstein)

Rewritten by Trace DeHaven

Well I've been to Every conference for the last five years And I know everybodys name!

I played a lotta "wink" I played in The Retardos So I'm legendary by now

I've taken all kinds of pills To give me all kinds of thrills but the thrill I've never known is the thrill that'll get me when I get my picture On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)

People Soup-

wanna see my picture on the cover

wanna steal five copies for my mother

wanna see my smilin' face On the cover of People Soup

I've got fourteen ex ole one night stands right here in this room
I got my latest sleazy bunny
keepin my sleepin-bag warm

Well I been real lucky cuz I never use protection but my reputations well known you know I always look bitchy But I can't get my picture On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)

You know I never go to workshops An' I often get lost An' I often get lost in the stream of consciousness Yes I love to foof the nubiles and stay up till four o'clock Those Ameobas always get me high

Well I've seen Rocky Horror forty-two times And I've dressed up like a punk

I've been the late night feature but I couldn't get my picture On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)



"...Religion is the greatest motive/power on earth, far exceeding any other force in releasing the infinite energy in man, that is like a coiled spring, waiting to freed."

The conference began with a nervous atmosphere, one that was annoying and depressing. The LRYers seemed to be groping about, trying to find that warm unity with one an-

trying to find that warm unity with one another; but the air was tense and insecure.

As more people arrived, they would be stampeded with hugs and klases, "girls hugging the series, girls hugging boys, boys hugsing boys, boys kissing boys."

Everyone was happy to see each other, but they just couldn't relax.

By ten P.M., most everyone had arrived. We were told to all gather in the sanctuary for "awareness". The leader instructed our group (of about fifty people) to sit on the floor silowing enough space between one another to place our hands comfortably on the floor at our sides. We closed our eves. other to place our hands comfortably on the floor at our sides. We closed our eyes, and at the word of our leader, began to clap our hands on the floor. At first, not much was put into it, though the clapping soon became stronger and harder. It sounded like a hard rain, echoeing into louder thunder. Yelling was added, screaming, clapping, louder—louder, piling and piling, layer upon layer of aggressive noise, and then..."STOP!"

Our leader said to stop, calm down, and start moving to the center of the room.

our leader said to stop, cash down, and start moving to the center of the room When we were all sitting tightly, shoulder to shoulder and feeling the warmth of each others presence, with our eyes closed, we (this time with our hands in the air) reenacted the entire clapping and yelling game. Then we were sitting with our eyes closed, listening to the silence. Every-thing was calm and quiet;

The leader must have felt the mount ing energy in the room, for he knew exactly when to break the silence. We began breathing exercises (with our eyes still closed). We would inhale deeply, and exhale in loud "ahhe", again and again, until it began to blend. We could hear the same stream tying us all together. The exhale was changed to "oh", and then we mixed the two. At first the "oh"s and "ah"s were choppy and separ-

It didn't take long, though, for this warm vibrating sound to take on all of the harmony of a gregorian chant. It was one harmony of a gregorian chant. It was one long flow of voices, echoeing and growing, and it even seemed to take on a tune; voices moving easily to highs and lows, all one

together.

We were then told that we were free to leave. Nobody moved. Most of us didn't open our eyes. The leader repeated the offer. Slowly we rose, helping each other up, and automatically became a mass in the center of the room. None of us wanted to leave that atmosphere; because we were bonded together in the remarked to the second of the second gether in harmony, spirit, and trust. We ere a family.

The world has changed

because of the moment of because of the moment o Unison. Unison with the family of love My mind is at ease My body is changed from tired to peaceful weary 3

fany people sat together and sang with gui-ars for a few hours...and then we went to

It is such a happy, secure feeling to wake to see the morning sun shining on so large a family, all asleep together neace-

fully.

The harmony from the night before still glowed strongly. (later on in the day) we were having a blind lunch. This was where the people all paired off, and one of each couple was blindfolded. The blind persons companion fed the person fresh fruit, home made bread and unprocessed cheese. After the first person had their fill, the roles were switched. One has never fully used one's sense of taste until he or she has tried this. It brings an awareness that convinces one that nothing will ever taste the same again.

There were also people having blind walks. This is much like the lunch, only it takes an extreme amount of trust. As the blind person is lead on the arm of their partner, they must in fact become that person, and let every action be controlled by them. There is such a strong and curious sensation about kneeling to brush a cheek in the grass, fingers grouping long the

sensation about kneeling to brush a cheek in the grass, fingers groping along the ground to find a rock in the crackling spiny dead leaves, and picking it up to smell it. Imagine.

Later in the afternoon were workshops and a water fight...marticipated in by about twenty-five people. It consisted of squirt guns, water balloons and big buckets. We were very wet.

After dinner, people mainly did as they liked. There was singing, helping one another with homework, and just talking. Here and there would be groups of five or six people walking arm in arm, grabbing anyone they saw, to extend the line. There
were also kissing circles, and sudden foofing*
epidemics. Foofing is when one person pulls
up another's shirt, puts his mouth on the
stomach, and blows, making a very loud noise.
People do it to babies all the time...it tickles. Once one person does it, someone usually decides to become the "mad foofer" and goes about doing it to everyone, and of course, those people have to do it back, and we have an epidemic.

At ten P.M. we were again called to-

At ten P.M. we were again called together for a family meeting...and settled
in a large circle on the floor. While our
four officers read, by candle light, a story
they had written about LRY, we listened and
passed kisses and hand-squeezes around the
room.

The conference gave a new breath to my neglected purpose. I must help my friends learn to live, live to love, love to learn. Share. Grow. Teach, Learn.

footnotes: 1--Henry Forman, Roland Gammon

Truth is One
2--Quote from a reading at family meeting

saturday night
3--Gayle Greenslade, after awareness gathering
* and sometimes spelled phoof, fuff, fuuf...



Rople are human when you think about it.

BIOFEEDBACK MONITOR

SYSTEM &



Bob Davis/"SRL" P.O. Box 7187 Olympia, WA 98502 (206) 766-8013

I went to LRY week on Star Island and attended a series of workshops designed to enlighten us on what feminism has to do with disarmanent and what sexism has to do with militarism. The members of the workshop composed a statement or rather, a plea to live out our jives in peace without the fear of nuclear annihilation. We though this could be possible if our society redefined what it means to be a woman, to be a man, to live in America and to be militarily secure.

We worked exhaustively on this statement so that people who were not in our workeshop could understand what we had learned. It had to be clear, concise, and above all,

seen so that people who were not in our workshop could understand what we had learned. It had to be clear, concise, and above all, non-aggressive. In rough drafts, we had terms like "male dominated society" and "suppression of women" which outlined the feminism part of the workshop. These we eliminated. We did not condemn any ways of thinking about nuclear war and the Russians such as, "the Soviets are out to get us", "we can win a nuclear war", or, "there is nothing we can do about it". We said nothing about disamment or even, directly, about an arms freeze. How soft a statement could it be?

Our objective was to have this statement ratified by the conference. In the end, it was not ratified. It died to all, save those who wrote it.

One rainy day, there was a mandatory business meeting for the Ster Island Conference. There were innerty-six peonle of approximately one-hundred-and-fifteen conference present. For the third time, I read our statement and asked that it be ratified by the conference. That evidently threw some eoonle into a state of alarm. Hany argue-

our statement and asked that it be ratified by the conference. That evidently threw some people into a state of alarm. Hany arguements ensued on how we should voter-pro, con, "no" votes, and abstentions. Finally we voted. There were about eighty "for" and about twenty "against". We had a majority. Immediately a furor arose over the twenty or so people who were not present. It was said that we could not ratify the statement without them being there because who knows said that we could not rathly the statemen without them being there because who know whether those absent would have voted against our proposal?

Anyway, it was decided, that although we had a majority at the business meeting, that this voting did not count. Instead, we would wait until bedcheck at 11:30 when a door to door vote would be taken by the bed-

There was no vote at bedcheck. By then, the word was out that the statement would not get the votes needed and by talk-ing about it, we were splitting the confer-

As I see it, the LRYers on Star did not want any one to break their bubble of Nirvana or anathy to tell them that there is work to be done to build a peaceful world. We could be done to build a peacetul world. We could not even have discussion on our statement without the fear of splitting the conference Why can't we talk about it without such devastating consequences? Was I expecting too much when I though LRYers would be the least

much when I though LRVers would be the least anathetic of American youth and the most apt to be virtuous and moral?

Why were people so alarmed when we proposed this plea? Nothing like our statement had ever been proposed for ratification on Star but that did not mean that it could never be done! There were no rules to follow which mailed out her to ratify a statement. which spelled out how to ratify a statement like ours. Strangely enough, parliamentary procedure was not the method used. It was more like the rule was in the hands of a few, they decided what was to be done and all others followed accordingly. That was how it was decided that the business meeting wors did achield any months and that the vote did not hold any weight and that the real vote would be at 11:30, bedcheck.

I speak of apathy, It was there when

I soeak of apathy, It was there when some one said, "wait a minute, the twenty-odd neople not present knew there was a business meeting, so tough luck, we have a



There were those who didn't like some of our wording. Men especially did not believe in one sentence of ours which read: "Ours is a male structured society which condones violence and aggression and suppresses cooperative nutruring qualifies inherent in both sexes although traditionally assigned to women." Some were against dismansher or an arms freeze and saw the statement as a threat to their beliefs.

But why didn't amyone come to us to suggest changes? There was no feedback, although our invitation was open.

ugh our invitation was open.

I think the LRYers were very much I think the LRYers were very much afraid of having their names associated with something slightly controversial or not quite in accord with our governments tendencies. This amazes and saddens me. They were afraid that their names would be on a list in the Pentagon. They were afraid to speak out for humanity!

I do not hold any few influential beonle responsible, rather the failure to ratify our statement is a reflection of the entire con-

--Rachel Bunker

This is the above-mentioned statement that caused such an uproar. It is endorsed by the LRY Executive Committee.

Throughout history, mankind has imagined developed weapons for one purpose--to be d. There is no reason to believe that nuclear weapons would be an exception.

In an age when our world can be destroyed many times over, war has taken on a new dimension threatening all life. Our decision makers, however, continue to main-tain that we can not only survive a nuclear war but win one as well. This is nartic-ularly alarming when one considers the ongoing medical consequences of the Hiroshima bombing which was minute compared to our present-day nuclear capabilities. Ours is a male structured society which condones violence and aggression and

suppresses cooperative, nurturing qualities inherent in both sexes although traditionally

inherent in our sexes attrough traditioners, assigned to women.
What is needed is a profound change in thinking. We need a definition of strength and security that does not depend on an arms

In the event of nuclear war, the youth of the world have the most to lose. Having no legal power in decisions needed to halt the arms race, we cry out for the right to live out our lives in peace without the fear of nuclear annihilation.

Dear LRY, COG, etc...

Dear LRY, COC, etc...

A group of us bearing no particular name (hence--"SRL" for convenience)* had a "continental" conference near Olympia, Washington, June 18-29. We traded work for the use of an eighty acre farm, which saved enough money to enable us to put out a newsletter. A total of approximately eighty people came to the conference, with the daily average being between forty and fifty present. At least fifty of the conferees are present or former Unitarians.

The constructive energy level at the conference was quite good. We would work for three hours, have workshops for three

The constructive energy level at the conference was quite good. We would work for three hours, have workshops for three to five hours, then free time after dinner. Work was often disorganized, but we got a lot accomplished, kept the place clean, and left wanting to do a work-trade at our next conference. Workshops were well-attended. Improving work-trade efficiency will be discussed in the upcoming newsletter.

We have apparently been operating as

discussed in the upcoming newsletter.

We have apparently been operating as an anarchist group in the recent past, and this conference did much to reaffirm our commitment to this form of self-government. We did not decide on a new name for the group, although BRL (Beyond Religious Liberalism) and SOUT (Society of Unusual People) were considered to be nice ideas. I don't think we have, as a group any bylaws (which makes "SRL" a misnomer--I'm sure SRL has lots of bylaws). The SRL Archives have been passed from Cat Carney to me.

Our next continental conference will be around the '82 summer solstice (early

summer--ed) probably near Mt. Shasta (in Northern California). We are interested in northern California). We are interested in seeing an east coast continental, preferably in the late summer.

I'm looking for communication with

others, suggestions for our next conference, articles and donations for our next conference, articles and donations for our newsletter (which will be out in late 7all/early Winter). Y'all take care, more later, please love, Bob.



Dear Folks,

You printed a song in People Soup avout "The Twelve Days of Reagan's Budget", which a bunch of us sang at the Hartford Conference. Since you wanted to know who was supposed to get credit, I just thought I would share something with you about the song and about what's going on. Lenny and I had heard that song before and we decided to do it at the coffeehouse. We

Lenny and I had heard that song before and we decided to do it at the coffeehouse. We did not come up with the idea for the song.

A group of folks from Pennsylvania (I think) sang that song inside the Pentagon (U.S. War Dept.) at a gathering of people in protest and civil disobedience against the governments continued efforts to promote war, powerty, racism, etc., etc...People got together to say "No more business as usual." No more engineering of our destruction to go undisturbed. We cannot allow them to prepare for war in peace. That's their usual business. Make no mistake about it, war is big business. Corporations make large profits on military production; their contracts with the Pentagon guarantee their profit margin. profit margin.

Lenny, Lauren and I went down from Connecticut with a wan full of people to be a part of this action. About six hundred of us spent the last three days of December doing guerilla theater, vigiling, marching, chanting, sitting in, singing, praying, --speaking out for life at the temple of

The United States and the Soviet Union The United States and the Soviet Unichave enough nuclear weapons to overkill every human being on this planet sixteen times; yet every day the U.S. adds three new nuclear warheads to its stockpile of ober 9,200 "strategic" warheads. We have the technology to destroy all life on this planet in half an hour, yet they continue to develop new weapons technology and to make plans for "winning" something they call "limited nuclear war."

call "limited nuclear war."

The U.S. government is getting ready for another war. All of the indications are there: The military budget gets increased. The draft is on the way back. Jimmy Carter would not rule out the use of military force to protect "our interests" in the Persian Gulf. Ronald Reagan points to El Salvador and says we must keep communism from spreading in "our hemisphere". Is everyone reading in "dur hemisphere". Is everyone reading in "dur hemisphere". Is everyone traditional and Namibia? It's appropriate, after all, the Third World War will be fought in the countries of the Third World.

People need to get active. We need to

People need to get active. We need to educate ourselves about what is really going on. Stop accepting at face value the half-truths that are thrown at us. Co some truths that are thrown at us. Co some thinking. We need to communicate with each other. The polarization of black/white, male/female, old/young, gay/straight, only serves to keep us divided and powerless. It's not enough to have the right idea. Ideas that do not get acted upon are lost in this world. We have to get ourselves moving in the right direction while we still have a chance.

Yours.

Yours.

Liz Reiner

All Things Considered, Id Rather be in Philadelphia

by Nan Warshaw

The 1981 General Assembly (GA), the annual meeting of Unitarian Universalists, was held in the City of Brotherly and Sisterly love. It took place June twelfth through eighteenth. Almost all the activatities I attended were at the Sheraton in downtown Philadelphia. The theme of the opening ceremony was based on a quote by W.C. Fields which is on his gravestone: "All things considered, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

Youth Caucus (TC), youth ranging in age from thelve to twenty, met daily for

"All things considered, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

Youth Caucus (YC), youth ranging in age from twelve to twenty, met daily for business, workshops, discussions, and socializing. At one of our daily meetings we woted to take stands on a few resolutions that were to be brought before the delegates on the floor of the Plensty Seasions. The YC took stands and spoke on the floor in support of resolutions on: mandatory recording of the votes made by the UUA Board of Trustees; rule changes requiring non-discrimination on the basis of sexual and affectional orientation; and a rule change requiring non-discrimination on the basis of age. Not all the resolutions we supported passed, but we did get a feeling of accomplishment: we participated in the decision making process.

At the other YC meetings we had speakers and discussion leaders do workshops: Bob Wheatly, Director of the UU Office of Gay and Lesbien Concerns, came to speak about the office and the UU Lesbian/Gay Caucus. There was good participation in the discussion that followed. Another speaker, Liz Coit, from the UU Service Committee, spoke with us about life in other parts of the world and how the world hunger situation affects us all. Ken Brown led a workshop on Social Actions Involvement. We talked about social actions projects that we can do in our own societies and communities, what we would like to do, and how to go about getting it done.

Bob Alpern, Director of the UU Washington D.C. Office, led many informative

discussions on Registration and the Draft last year at GA. There was still a great interest this year, so we invited Bob back to give an update on the situation and to talk about the reality of the arms race. All the speakers showed how important it is to be informed and involved in the social

actions movement.

The YC meetings went well, but by mid-The YC meetings went well, but by mid-week we felt that there was a need to have a YC social event. We had been together for business and housing, but we needed a time to get to know each other better. Besides our Youth Caucus social gathering, there was other fun entertainment, such as: The Gay Gong Show; a most soving concert by Sweet Honey in the Rock (sponsored by the Social Actions Clearinghouse); and the UU Service Committee Follies.

The social activities were great fum, but only a small portion of the total GA program. There were many high powered, well led, workshops relating to youth, from Peer Counseling to Youth Programming. Loretta led, workshops relating to youth, from Peer Counseling to Youth Programming. Loretta Williams, Director, Social Responsibility, snoke about the national Youth Service. This proposed bill is aw alternative to the conventional method of draft registration and selective service that has been used in the past. It involves mandatory service for the country, but the choice of type of service is up to the individual...although Military service is strongly encouraged, it does leave other options open to the war objector. Not many youth seem to be aware of this proposal (The McKloskey Bill). Loretta's workshop illustrated the point that we must be aware of options and alternatives. open to us. Wayne Arnason, Consultant on Youth Programs, spoke in one of the daily UU History programs on the history of the youth movement. For people interested in Common Ground, there was a Youth Assembly Hearing as well as a Common Ground Delegates briefing.

Speakout, a public radio broadcast sponsored by The Cambridge Forum, gave Religious Liberals a chance to express thier opinions on how attacks from the new religious right affect them. I was given the opportunity to speak on behalf of youth. Below is an excerpt from that speech: "...The new religious right is suggesting... repressive measures to be taken in highschools across the country, such as: The teaching of biblical creation, forced prayer, and the elimination of sex education. We (Youth) are are concerned by the growing alliance between the new religious right and the political right in America. Youth will not allow our educational and life contions to be restricted. We will oppose cuts in education grants, lower pay for youth, and a forced military...let us not take the easy way out through apathy and blind acceptance of a single truth."

The Youth Caucus held a worship service which was well attended and enjoyable.

GA was one of the busiest weeks of my lifte. I worked hard, played hard, end got very little sleep. Next year's GA will be held at Bowdoin College in Brunawick, Maine, on June twenty-first through twenty-seventh.

iffe. I worked mary, purpose in Brunawick. Maine, held at Bowdoin College in Brunawick. Maine, through twenty-seventh. on June twenty-first through twenty-seventh.
Hope you can be there and have as fulfulling and experience as I have.



out three drinks

Humphrey Bogart

FEAR AND LOATHING IN THE PHILLY SHERATON

The first question that came to mind as I lay passed out on the blood red carpet was: What are in those blue folders that everyone but me has? The second question in my mind was: Where am I? Oh yeah, UUAGA. in my mind was: Where am I? Oh yeah, UUAGA.
Five initials, a week of my life, We're going
to learn something. Devoted liberals searching for a cause. I must take off my pack, or
at least sit down and center myself. Things
were becoming foggy. A blue badge asked me
if I needed any help. I realized the carpet
was rapidly approaching. I must deal with
this... I dealt with it...watching my knees
buckle, I found myself on the floor.
Meanwhile, she wandered through the
crowd of faces...they would smile in recognition (after they read her name tag)
LKYer
Tourist

LRYET
Tourist
How me
There was an over whelming feeling of
drunkeness in the air. Rumour has it that
one can experience G.A.without alchohol... There were lots of signs that said so.



The basis of optimism is -Oscar Wilde Semi-conscious and partially blinded by the neon-blue folders, she suddenly spied the heap of tired taco collapsed in the cor-ner. She swam upstream through the business suits and dashikis...until she was standing

next to me smid the upper middle class aura.

She dropped her folder on my head.

I screamed.

AH-CAH!" — and after a quick glance in either direction, she hissed, "We Must Maintain."

"What"

"Are you registered yet?"
"What?"

"Mhat?"
"Registered...(you know they're all registered, ALL OF THEM)...you get a matching badge and folder. It's the only way you can get into the hospitality suites."
"What"

"Do you have your pre-reg. receipt?" "What"

"Don't worry...I forgot mine too.
They'll hate us both now."
MASSIVE WAVE OF

PARANOIA

She clutched my arm and dragged me to my feet. Clutching my shoulders, with a frantic look in her eyes, she said it again, "WE MUST MAINTAIN"

-HEAD RUSH, LACK OF SLEEP, TOO MUCH CAFFEINE, LIZARDS!! And they're giving these things alcoho!!!! Track shoes! Order track shoes or we'll never maintain footing on this

or we'll never maintain footing on this blood-soaked carpet!*

(we let ourselves be sucked into the stream of bodies funneling through the doors) I don't remember the name of the bar, but it looked a lot like the plenary sessions. They both had something to do with money. People pouring gin and tonics into blue folders. Smiling chaos. "Just give them some money and they'il leave us alone. "Maintain. A toast, to "an urban experience", ob yeah, and to the lizards. and to the lizards.

The woman registered me even though I'd spaced my receipt. I was confused. Why were everyones initials J.P.D.P. (did they know? had they caught on yet?) She must have won first place in registration...So many shiny blue ribbons. Now registered, I was one of them. I was afraid to look in my (MY!) blue folder...all of this must

mean something.

A group of familiar faces wanted to go to "the church." I gripped my folder apprehensively. The youth separatist army could not afford a cubicle in the Sheraton.

We left the Urban Experience designed for suburban lizards and took to the streets. We almost passed out as we passed through the mouth of the Sheraton. What! All of Philadelphia is not airconditioned! I swayed a bit in the heavy humid air. With the controlled environment behind us we were left to deal with the cars, heat, neonle, subways, and an unbadged crowd. No carpet—cement. The cleats of our track shoes skidded on the pavement. Useless. We must adapt, adjust, (maintain!). The enemy seems to be a step shead of us! I crossed the street to the sound of squealing tires and high-pitched screams...passing the people, the cars, the screams...passing the people, the cars, the red light...they were all out to get us, all

red light...they were an our conditions of them.

We found our barracks. Greeted by a sign "Even Unitarians must close the door."
The Sheraton didn't have cockroaches (...or did it?) The community spirit, like that of the nursery school our resting-place housed, "Ifred us to our feet, around the room, and lifted us to our feet, around the room, and out the door. "OhGod!" (--suddenly the realization) "Check the time!" she screamed, with a crazed look in her eyes...pawing at my wrist in hone of a watch. (Countdown to Snyder/ Manson interview) We roam the streets.

"We must get to a television, Now!!!"
The quest is successful. Chuck twirls his

microphone cord...into the night...

"you trust someone and...bam! "in philadelphia,1'm sure that i got healthier. maybe it's \underline{right} to be nervous now..." they up and lose their minds"
-ryk mcintyre -howard devoto

CONT. ON D.7

Feds Ups and Downs



BARNEY

Barney, currently under the control of unicorns and bunnies, has undergone some major restructuring lately. We have rewritten our bylaws and plan to revise the changes further. We hope our new system will be more efficient, actually we know it will be.

MBF (Massachusetts Bay Federation)

Held an overnight 25th of July for non-LRY youth to learn about LRY and MBF. Summers End will be held Labor Day weekend; cost \$12--\$14 per person. For more info: Dave Caputo 197 Lowell St. Feabody MA 01960 (617) 531-0632

CMF - Central Midwest Federation
There was a CMF campout, July 15-19 at
IL. Beach State Park. The last Board meeting
was at the conference in Geneva, IL. in May.

LSD ANYONE???? Are there any LRYers left in the LSD (Lower Southern District)???

If there are any that are interested in rebuilding this greatest of all great federations, please contact me at the following address:

those of the UUA's Mid-South District.

"resurrect the fed" Don Jacobsen, Jr.
1911 Cliff Valley Way
Atlants, GA 30329
note: LSD's boundaries are concurrent with

For more info: Paul Vail 318 1/2 Main St. Racine, WI 53403

Evelyn McDonald 2441 E.Ridge Rd Beloit, WI 53511 608-365-9092

DVF - Delevare Valley Federation

In late May DVF enthusiastically elected its new officers. We are being our usual organized selves and have no immediate plans for the future. Locals have pretty much broken up for the summer, but the spring did contain two conferences: Newark and Princeton. For more info contact:
Megan Granda

Megan Granda 108 Hullihen Ct. Newark, DE 19711 or Michael Davis (Prince) 28 Sycamore Ln. Skillman, NJ 08558

Fear and Loathing...

Waking up to be kicked out of what seemed to Making up to be ricked but of what seemed to be an optimum sleeping spot. many trips to the Sheraton and back...running amok in choir robes...haziness...All the hallways looked alike. Were the elevators running slow or was I? Emotional cancer growing from hypocrisy. (I kept hitting you to see if you could still feel) Between drinks we would

Resoloutions (glazed eyes) Sneeches (flash the grimace/smile) events (keep go-ing) people themes (where are you?) I'm lost. We must maintain. It all gets rather unclear at this point...the notes are scrawled and frantic)

In retrospect, I am not bitter, It was good party. Disillusionment at ooh-ooh-ah-gah was from more than alcohol. See you ext year. (and images of lizards dance in next year. (and images of lizards dance in their heads... Memmaiaintailiin! she squealed as softly as she could...the sound was not unlike that of nails on a chalkboard...but with an interesting strangled quality about

*a quotely directed from Hunter S. Thompson, Doctor of Gonzo Journalism

amy shapiro & kathryn price

Paranoia is just a kind of awareness, and awareness is just a form of love. Charles Hanson



From The Soup Kitchen: Reflections of a Conference Cook

So, you're going to have a conference; you have the committee, the workshop leaders and even the advisors lined up. What are you going to eat? One idea is to have the conferees bring bag dinners for the first night, serve oatmeal the first morning, send everyone out to Friendlies for lunch and have the local members provide a pot luck dinner for the second night. Sunday morning, you can eat the rest of the oatmeal...what could be easier? If you are feeling a bit more ambitious, there are many opportunities to make the food more complicated, it really depends upon the energy of the planning commmake the food more complicated, it really depends upon the energy of the planning committee, the site and the reasons you want to cook at the conference. Will you appoint a single co-ordinator or a committee? Are you aiming for low cost or special types of food? What are the facilities like? Do you have a stove, oven and a refridgerator? Who are you feeding? What do they like to eat? Any special dietary restrictions? This article should give you the basic knowledge needed to plan the food for a gathering or conference.

First you need to identify the food co-ordinator or committee. You may be fortunate enough to have one person who will volunteer to plan the menu, do the shopping, cook, serve and clean up after the meals. If you serve and clean up after the meals. If you find such an individual in your midst, pamper them, they are rare, especially if they do a good job. If you do not, don't despair, you can always appoint a committee to do these tasks. Make sure that you keep the number of committee members appropriate to the state of the task and make sure that the size of the task...and make sure that they keep in good communication. The co-ordinator(s) will need to determine who they are feeding, how much they will spend doing it and what it shall be.

doing it and what it shall be.

If your committee does not want to cook, you will need to find someone who will. Sometimes an advisor or someone's parent will love to. You can even ask them for good recipes and ideas on group feeding. Usually someone

in the church has had experience in ar in the church has had experience in ar-ranging large dinners and pollucks and can give advice. Another important person is someone with a car, to make last minute runs for the cook, if the cook does not have a car. Someone who can co-ordinate clean up can be very use-ful too.

The committee can be responsible for more than just the menu...food at a confer-ence can be an important part of the total program. If you have the facilities and if aomeone in the local has the skills you can

ence can ge an important part of the total program. If you have the facilities and if someone in the local has the skills you can do workshops in the kitchen on bread baking or tofu. Your can have a theme men! featuring the food of a specific culture, or a theme banquet. A moment of silence before the meal can add greatly to the feeling of conference community; grace, for groups so inclined can serve the same purpose. A coffeepot, with herb tess and fresh cookies can provide a special atmosphere where people can talk in a corner of a large meeting room.

When planning the mailing, there are several things that you should remember to include. A fine like "What won't you eat?" is generally more helpful to the planners than a line like "Are you a Veggle?". It is generally safe to assume that some food at the conference should be free of meat and fairy products, like some of the hread and raw vegetables and fruit which could be eaten by just about everyone. You should also include a note if people are to bring anything special for a banquet, like a costume, and if they should bring their own boul, spoon and cup. Plan a minimum and maximum number of people that you will try to feed, based on the pre-registrations and on the size of the facility. The cost of the conference will be determined by the amount you plan to spend on food and programming and if you plan to make a profit.

The size of the facility is another major consideration. If the conference is to be held at your home church you ought

major consideration. If the conference is to be held at your home church you ought to know all about what is there, but if the

by 'da Cook: lane Betz

event is to occur in a strange church, or a rented hall or camp, you will need to call and ask a few questions. Even if you think that you know the place, call to make sure. You will need to know if you will have to pay for utilities, or of any other fees that you will be expected to pay...perhaps you you will be expected to pay...perhaps you will have to make a damage deposit. What facilities are there, is there a stove, an oven, a fridge? Can you use them? What is there in the way of pots and pans? Dishes? Are there napkins? Salt and pepper shakers? Spices? Who else will be using the kitchen during the time that you will be there? What are the rules of the building pertaining to candles? (if you plan to use them...)

The equipment that the site has will play an important role in the food that you





Soup Kitchen...

are able to cook. It is hard to do pancakes without a grill, and hard to do pizza without a large and reliable oven. Keep in mind the size of the facility and pizza without a large and reliable oven.
Keep in mind the size of the facility and
the number of people you expect to feed.
Fifty is the top number you can feed out of
a conventional sized kitchen using normal
batch pethods. Any more will need to be
fed in shifts. The most common problem is
that the pots aren't big enough to feed
everyone at once. If there is only a
small refridgerator, you will need to buy
some of the more perishable items more then
once. In the fall and winter the vegetables
and other items that need cool, but not cold
storage can be put in a cool place, off the
floor. Plan the food to suit the equipment
availabe. In a pinch, you can make things
like sphagetti sauce somewhere else and
bring it to the site and you can always
eat sandwiches... eat sandwiches...

with these things in mind, you can begin to plan the menu. You should decide some amount of money that you plan to spend per conferences on food to be used as a buffer fund. Keeping this and the people you are feeding (with their dietary choices/restrictions) and the program considerations in mind you can now begin to plan the menu. Take a large piece of paper and mark off a column for each meal that you plan to serve. Write down as many ideas as you can think of that fill the restrictions that you have decided upon. It is a good idea to also plan a munch table of things like fruit, popcorn, granola, etc. that people can eat anytime (it keeps them out of the kitchen), Now go over bhe list and arrange the choices to allow for the greatest variety in meals. Now go over bhe list and arrange the choices to allow for the greatest variety in meals. (i.e. don't have eggs for breakfast and quiche for lunch). Try to have one meal that will please each interest group, plan a good nonmeat meal for at least one night. People may learn from the new food, and it can be alot cheaper than serving meat. Veggies get really tired of cottage cheese and canned peaches. Some foods don't really need meat, like macaroni and cheese, and pizza. Some meals, like sphagettican easily be made with two sauces, one meat and one non-meat. One of the most important things to keep in mind as the amount of hidden meat that may be in of the most important things to keep in mind is the amount of hidden meat that may be in many prepared foods. If there is lard in something, tell people, or put a note on it. The same thing goes for something that may be unobvious like sugar and milk in places where they are not expected.

Once this list is arranged, you need to go over it and make a list of any special utensils that you will need, like pressure cookers, strainers, tongs, a food processor, a blender, and don't forget the garbage bags

a blender, and don't forget the garbage bag tinfoil, and dish soap. Some of these things can be found at the site, but it is nicest to replace them if you use them. Find out what you can borrow from local members. Be creative a 3 improvise with the food but make sure that whoever is cooking has made the dish before or is working from a reliable recipe and knows what the dish should taste and look like. If you don't have enush dishes tell nec-If you don't have enough dishes tell peo-

If you don't have enough dishes tell people to bring them and also by some paper,
not styrafoam, cups and plates.

Remember to arrange a list with the
amounts of ingredients needed for all the
things which you plan to prepare. This
includes all beverages, the snacks for
the munchle table, any condements, and
special foods for any program (like a
pic or mango). When you have an idea
about what you need, consult the recipe for
the amounts, and then begin calling to
find the best places to buy the supplies
that you need.

The yellow pages can be useful - Look

find the best places to buy the supplies that you need.

The yellow pages can be useful. Look under food warehouses, or specific types of food like cheese or vegetables. If you are near a large city you can take advantage of the farmers market that usually takes place on Friday or Saturday. If you get there at the end of the day they are likely to sell you things cheaper than in the morning because they want to get rid of the stuff. In the correct season and area you can go out and pick fruit at an orchard for good prices. Someone in the group may be a member of a local food co-operative, or a food buying club. Call your local health food store and ask them for the name and number of the warehouse where they buy their fond. You may be able to buy some items bulk if you need sufficient quantity.

If you have to buy at a grocery store tell them that you are a church group and they may be able to give you a tax break. Ask when the produce comes in and try to arreage to buy full crates of fruit and arreaded.

Ask when the produce comes in and try to arrange to buy full crates of fruit and any vegetables that you need. If you have to buy from the isles buy the largest packages that you can and try to buy the generic or house brands. Some stores will sell you cases at cost. Planning shead can almost always ave you money. Take advantage of seasonal produce and fruit. Call around, tell them that you intend to make large purchases and see who will offer you the best deal.

Most of the food will keep pretty well, but you will have to keep buying the more perishable items as the fridge clears out. This is where someone with a car can be very useful. It also helps to find a 24 hour store, or to find some local group member who can keep things at home until they are needed.

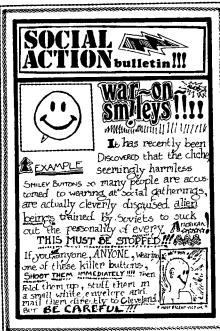
Be sure to leave loca of rime for oren-

keep things at home until they are needed.

Be sure to leave lots of time for preparation of the meals. It will inevitably take longer than you expect it to. Remember to get people to set up the room to eat in before the meal. Decide who will serve the food and how it will be distributed. Depending on the size of the group, you may want to serve the meal family style, everyone sitting and being served at the same time, or cafeteris style, with some people serving as the rest line up. With this second form of serving, remember that you are feeding the people at the end of the line too. Start small and there may be some left for seconds. Mealtimes are a good time for announcements, or for singing. After the meal, people can wash their own dishes or you can make up a dish crew. If you take volunteers, you are likely to see the same tired faces in the kitchen see the same tired faces in the kitchen all the time. Sometimes family groups are hard to track down for clean ups. If you remind them of their responsibility to the conference you can squeeze the munchkins for work. One good strategy is to not start the next meal until the kitchen has been

ned. So, you finished the cooking at your conference. How was it? Be sure t So, you finished the cooking at your first conference. How was it? Be sure to have a de-briefing meeting to discuss things that should be done better next time. Try to meet with someone from the church to discuss the condition of the kitchen, and make sure that it's oksy. It was a great conference, guess what, they want you to cook for the Board of Directors meeting...





the right to bread

Loretta J. Williams, Director Section of Social Responsibility, UUA

The "right to bread" is a human and political right recognized and affirmed by many streams of Christian, ethical, humanist and other religious perspectives in the United States. Political action to secure United States. Political action to secure this right is also recognized as an essen-tial part of the chore of securing this

The election of 1980 has has a far The election of 1980 has has a far-resching impact on the political agends of hunger action. A new administration, new alignments of power in the Congress, and an economic situation in the U.S., which is more precarious than at any other time since the Great Depression. How can we respond?

Did you know that:

Average benefits under the Food Stamp Program under attack by the Reagen administration is 43¢ a meal?

75% of food stamp recipients in 1980 are children, the elderly, and single parents who are heads of households?

Yet we are facing in the United States unprecedeted cutbacks in social programs. While some persons are rubbing their hands with delight over the "New" economic exper-While some persons are rubbing their hands with delight over the "New" economic experiment, human needs organizations and interfaith coalitions are digging in for a long hard fight to protect social services. Can support be mobilized for a responsible budget? Can we speak out effectively against the twin evils of increased militarism and social services cuthacks? social services cutbacks?



Yes, we can be truth-tellers, for one. We, can mount the podium and the mails to publicize alternative budgeting: higher alcohol taxes, removal of the tobacco subalconol taxes, removal of the tobacco sub-sidy, higher tobacco taxes etc. We can urge the implementation of the Humphrey Hawkins Full Employment Act. And we can remind ourselves and others of the deplor-able conditions existing before the country moved to begin federalizing welfare payments, Medicaid and the like. Withdrawal of

ments, Medicaid and the like, Withdrawal of federal government props undergirding the fragile economic web supporting poor families with minor children will be a disaster.

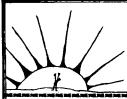
But what specifically can I do, you ask. The Food Stamp Program needs your support—and that of your members in Congress. Congressional committees are now deciding how many people will get how much food stamp askistance over the next few years. The House Budget Committee will act mid-April followed then by full congressional action in the spring. in the spring.

Mount a campaign of letters to your Representatives and Senators immediately.
Urge them to support legislation which would:

- 1. Authorize the Food Stamp Program at current eligibility levels for the next four years and
- Provide sufficient funds for the program in Fiscal Year '82.

program in Fiscal Year '82.

As religious and ethical persons we believe the justice demands particular attention to the needs of the poor. Federal food programs, including food stamps, provide one small means by which society attempts to help needy members achieve an adequate die. The statistics demonstrate the meagerness of the program. Yet that meagerness is headed for cuts without action by concerned citizens. If anything is out of control, it is surely not the programs of assistance themselves but rather the troubles in our national economy which are increasing both unemployment and powerty. The answer to the question, "Is the program costing toe much?" must surely pose a counter question: "Too much compared to what?"



Living For The Dream, Dying For The Dream

The Fight For Irish Freedom by Richard Terrass

On December 18, 1978, Cisran McGilli-cuddy arrived in Long Kesh — another Irish Republican sentenced to the H-Blocks of Ror Majesty's Maze Prison just outside of Bel-fast. At the time, Ciaran was sixteen years

old.

Originally arrested on January 9,
1978, and released later that same day,
Ciaran was re-arrested on March 14, 1978,
He was refused bail and was held in Crumlin
Road Prison until October 17, 1978 when his
"trial" began before the single judge of a
juryleas Diplock court. Like well over 90%
of all prisoners brought before the Diplock
Courts, Ciaran was convicted and on October,
26, 1978 he was sentenced to four years detention for allegedly acting as a lookout
during a bombing incident and for membership
in Fianna Eireann, an"outlawed" Republican
youth organization.

As is the case in most trials before

youth organization.

As is the case in most trials before
the Diplock courts, Claran was convicted
solely on the basis of a "confession" which
he was forced to sign in police custody with
neither his parents, nor a lawyer present.
When Ciaran's parents were finally allowed
to see him, Ciaran told them that he had
only signed the "Confession" in order to
bring a stop to the beatings he had been
subjected to by the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC). ulary (RUC).

ulary (RUC).

During Claran's trisl, the police doctor who had examined Claran after his interrogation said that he had found nothing wrong with Claran, however, Claran's lawyer pointed out that the police doctor's notes mentioned finding several bruises on Claran's chest and neck and that Claran had reported being choked by police during his interrogation.

reported being choked by police during his interrogation.

Ciaran refused to wear the prison uniform and went "on the blanket" to protest the treatment he had received and to demand to be treated as a political prisoner. By going on the blanket, Ciaran joined over two-hundred and fifty Republican prisoners (there are currently over fourhundred) in demanding political status. The blanket protest, which began in 1976 has given rise to a new proverb in the folklore of the eight-hundred and twelve year struggle to free Ireland from British rule, "A prison blankey is the noblest gown an Irishman can wear."

Ciaran McGillicuddy has spent more than half of his life living with "the troubles", as the fighting against the British is known. Ciaran and those he grew up with are now the youths, the young men and women; and a new generation of children has grown up never having known anything but the troubles.

Ciaran's case is not atypical.

Children and youths in British-occupied

but the troubles.
Claran's case is not stypical.
Children and youths in British-occupied
Ireland must live with the troubles every
day and frequently they find themselves
the deliberate targets of both the British

day and frequently they find themselves the deliberate targets of both the British army and the RUC.

In recent weeks, several children and youths have been killed or seriously injured by the British army and the RUC. Rubber and plastic bullets are fired directly into crowds and at individuals despite international agreements which forbid the firing of riot-control devices such as rubber and plastic bullets directly at people. Still others have been fired on with live amountion or have been caught in the crossfire.

Shortly after the death of Bobby
Sands on hunger strike May 5, 1981, the British army and the RUC began sweeping through the hospitals and arresting any injured youths under the Prevention of Terrorism Act and holding them without charges for up to twenty-eight days.

The psychological and emotional impact of the troubles on the children and youths of British-occupied Ireland has been timelded expensively and recent on by Dr.

nact of the troubles on the children and youths of British-occupied Ireland has been studied extensively and repoet on by Dr. Rona Fields of Temple University and Dr. Morris Fraser, a plychiatrist with the Royal Belfrast Hospital for Sick Children. Dr. Fields and Dr. Fraser found that several thousand children have suffered severe traum careboal defunction payerlogical. trousant children have suitered severe trauma, cerebral dysfunction, neurological immairments, and severe psychological problems which have affected every aspect of their lives. In many cases, the damage is permanent and irreversable.

These children have seen their friends and family members arrested and imprisoned, their homes destroyed, and their schools used as barracks. In the words of Dr. Frast, "With the establishment of Long Kesh internment camp and, as towards the end of 1971, total arrests reached several hundred, there was added to the earlier stresses the fear that the father would be interned... An

rear that the father would be interned... A army swoop must, of course, be unexpected: it is often dramatic, and — at least for a child — always frightening."

An eleven year old Belfast girl expressed the terror very clearly in a letter to the BBC program Your Own Voices during 1971 when she wrote:

"I laments all the state of the course of the second of the course of the cour

"I lay awake all that night. I lay in I lay awake all that night. I lay in horror, afraid and sobbing. I heard cries of fear and shots all around me. I thought of my friends out (sic) the next street. Would any of them be killed? Would they be burned out? Everyone in our family was downstairs except me and my younger sisters. The next morning it was quiet. Then a man came around crying out: 'Leave at once!' Some men tried to hold off the invaders. came around crying out: 'Leave at once!'

Some men tried to hold off the invaders.

Others dumped women and children into cars and drove them as far away as they could. I was taken to someone's house; someone I didn't know, but I didn't care, as long as I was safe. Then I began to fret, because my mother and father and the reat of my family were somewhere else. Four days later I found out where the rest of my family were, and we went back to our street. It was quiet. Because no one else was there. It was black, ugly, and ghastly. It was burnt out shells of houses."

It is difficult for someone who has not lived through the terror to understand just what it means to live in constant fear that you, your friends; or your family might be arrested and imprisoned, killed, or seriously injured. These fears are very real, however, for the people of British-occupied Ireland live in a community where, during the last ten years, at least one family in every six has had at least one kember interned, imprisoned, tortured, or killed.

This is the world that Ciaran Mc-

This is the world that Ciaran Mc-Gillicuddy has known for more than half of his life. This is the only world that an entire generation of children has known. The children in the north of Ireland are the product of the British occupation of Ireland. Ciaran McGillicuddy is the resistance to theat occupation. Far from breaking the spirit of resistance, the British campaign of terror has only served to strengthen the resistance and fan the flames of Republicanism. This is the world that Ciaran Mc

The current hunger strike is the outgrowth of the Blanket Protest, begun September 14, 1976 when Kleran Nugent, the first prisoner denied Polital Status under the new British solicy of "criminalization" resolved, "If they want me to wear prison garb, they will have to nail it on me." Political Status had originally been granted to Republican and Lovalist prisoners in 1972 as the result of a hunger strike by several Republican prisoners. Political

ers in 1972 as the result of a hunger strike by several Republican prisoners. Political Status entitled the prisoners to wear their own cloths, have a weekly visit and food parcel, freely associate among themselves, and to not do prison work. The political prisoners were housed in twenty-two prisoner of war camp type barracks known as cages.

In granting Political Status, Britain had apparently assumed that the parionalier.

In granting Political Status, Sritain had apparently assumed that the nationalist community in occupied Ireland would soon be defeated and that therefore, the granting Political Status was a small concession. By 1976, however, it was apparent to the British that they were no closer to a solution to the Irish problem, either militarily, or politically. As a result of that tealization, the British government announced that all prisoners convicted of offenses committed after March 1, 1976 would be denied Political Status.

cont. on page 10 (1997)





by Mike Dr

There was the wierdest looking rock There was the wierdest looking rock directly in front of me--it had no shape to speak of, and it was shiny...so even though I didn't look right up at the sun, I was aware of it's brilliance in the sky. I lesned forward, picked up the rock and played with it as I thought.

The cliff that Jackie and I were on was nice and secluded--It had a view of the

was nice and secluded—It had a view of the mountains and a walley—all of it green. My thoughts weren't really on where I was right then—they were on Jackie. Jackie and I were on strange terms, and I felt torn up just being around her. She was a small girl with brown hair and eyes that jumped at you. Her size had little to do with what she was as aperson. To me, she was gigantic, she had my heart captured and all the stuf—the mind games, the lies—were all part of how we related to each other. I'd come out here with her to talk about a piece of information which I had learned unexpectedly.

"Jackie—" I started, "Jackie, we made love two nights ago and now you won't

made love two nights ago and now you won't let me touch you! What's going on?" Her silence was harder to take than

ream.
"Jackie--" I was cut off by a reply.
"Jerry, our relationship shouldn't
relationship where there is pushing--

De a felationant where there is pushing—
I like how open and honest we are with
each other and I'd like to keep it special."
My temper was fading fast.
"Definitely—" I said, "Open-honest,
and that's why while you were a guest at
my house last Wednesday you slept with Marc
while I was at work."

my house last Wednesday you slept with Marc while I was at work."

She looked at me for a moment, and then said, "He pushed me into it—I couldn't stop it, really...I—" she stumbled with her words for a moment, "I—look, I didn't feel comfortable, but it happened."

"While I wanted you, and you had denied me, you sleep with my best friend, in

denied me, you sie p with my best friend, in my house, behind my back!"

I felt myself losing control. "You never mentioned it -- I had to find out from him while he was drunk last night!"

"Jerry--our relationship isn't one where I have to tell you things like that -- we're not married or anything."

"Yeah," I snapped--"it's whatever you want to make it and you keep changing it on

want to make it and you keep changing it on

"look, I don't feel comfortable talk-ing to you, I'd like to go now and see Mitch." Mitch was her other lover, although she was more constant with him in a sexual manner, and also in how she related

to him.
"Jerry, your monogamous devotion to me is wonderful, but--"

It all happened almost too quick to

It all useppose.

"Slut!" I screamed, Jackie had stood to leave but I was boiling mad. With all the force I could, I pushed her off the the force A calliff.

She hung on the ledge with one hand,
Yes now her dispo-

still on the edge. Yes, <u>now</u> her disposition had changed.

"Jerry..." she started to cry...

"Jerry..." she started to cry...
"please..."
I reached down as if to grab her hand
--but couldn't, not at the thought of all
she'd done to me.
I instead took the heel of my hiking
boot and smashed it squarely on her hand.
The scream seemed to last forever,
as she fell...and then, it was all over.
She was gone. I was upset at one thing,
though. In the scuffle, that strange rock
rolled off the cliff.

<u>Marangarangarangarangarang</u>

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Living For The Dream cont. from page 9

The British suthorities acted swiftly in an effort to break the Blanket Protest. Prisoners who were on the blanket were denied any parcles, letter writing, newspapers, radios, or TV. Beatings were commonplace. The prisoners were allowed to wear a blanket in their cells, but not outside of their cells so that if they leave their cells they are forced to go naked. The prisoners, however, regard this as degrading and, therefore, refuse to leave their cells. All prisoners who did not accept "criminalization" also lost all of their remission (time off for good behavior). British authorities acted swiftly

After exhausting every other means of

ior).

After exhausting every other means of protest open to them, on October 27, 1980, seven men representing the prisoners in H-Blocks three, four and five went on hunger strike. They were joined on December 1, 1980 by three women in Armagh Women's Prison. For several weeks the offical British position amounted to "let them die", however, on December 18, 1980, with several of the hunger strikers serisually ill and near death on the 53rd day of their hunger strike, the British Secretary for Northern Ireland announced that it had reached an agreement with the hunger strikers. Humphrey Atkins, the British Secretary for Northern Ireland announced in a speech to the House of Commons on December 19, 1980 that the concessions the prisoners wanted would be granted in stages as the prisoners came off of the protest.

The prisoners, thinking that they had won, ended the hunger strike and began coming off of the protest in stages. None of the concessions promised by the British were forthcoming; on January 29, 1981 all of the inmates went back on the protest.

On March 1, 1981, Bobby Sands, who had been the chief negotiator for the hunger strikes and issued a list of five demands which amounted to political status: 1) the right not to

to political status: 1) the right not to





wear prison uniforms, 2) the right not to do prison work, 3) freedow of association among political prisoners, 4) the right to organize recreational facilities, to one weekly visit, one letter in and out per week, and to receive one parcel per week, 5) restoration of full remission. Bobby Sands was joined later in March by Frankie Hughes, Raymond McCreesh, and Patsy O'Hara. The British government adopted a policy of refusing to negotiate with the hunger strikers.

On April 10, 1981, the forty-first day of his hunger strikers, Bobby Sands was elected to the British Parliament. The thirty-thousand votes that Bobby Sands received in the by-election exploded the British myth that the hunger strikers did not have the popular support of the people. Sands' vote was, in fact, larger than the vote received by Margaret Thatcher in her home district. The election victory was even more remarkable in light of the media blackout imposed on the Sands campaign by the British authorities.

On May 5, 1981, Bobby Sands died. He

On May 5, 1981, Bobby Sands died. He was followed one week later, on May 12, by Frankie Hughes. Eight days later, both Raymond McCreesh and Patsy O'Hara died because of British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's refusal to grant Political

Status.
Since the deaths of Bobby Sands Status.

Since the deaths of Bobby Sands,
Frankie Hughes, Raymond McGreesh, and
Patey O'Hars, eight more Republican prisoners have gone on hunger strike. Currently,
there are seven men on hunger strike (as of
June 29, 1981). Brendan McLaughlin, the
original replacement on hunger strike for
Patey O'Hars, came off hunger strike because
of a perforated ulcer that threatened to
kill him before hunger strike supporters
could take full advantage of another sacrifice. McLaughlin's decision to come off
hunger strike was supported by both the
Provisional IRA and Sinn Fein.

During May 1981, Irish Prime Minister
Charles Haughey dissolved the Dial (the
Irish "Freestate" Parliament) and called for
a new general election to be held on June
11. As a result of the little known fact
the Irish Constitution recognizes everyone
in Ireland, both north and south, as Irish
citizens, the H-Block/Armagh Committee
decided to run a slate of nine political
prisoners for the Dial.

One of the hunger strikers, Kieran
Doherty, and Paddy Azmey. a Republican in-

One of the hunger strikers, Kieran Doherty, and Paddy Agnew, a Republican in-

mate in the H-Blocks, were elected to represent the Irish Free State with a major political crisis. The entire H-Block/Armagh slate had carried a much higher percentage of the vote than most observers had expected, prompting fears of what will happen should Kieran Doherty die on hunger strike (probably during July) in a British prison on Irish soil. on Irish soil.

on Irish soil.

The hunger strike and the rest of the struggle for Political Status is just one part of the total struggle in British-occupied Ireland. In and of itself, the atruggle for Political Status is secondary to the ultimate goal of a united Ireland free from British rule and domination. It is this ultimate goal which led to these men and women being arrested, and it is for this ultimate goal that these men and women are willing to die.

"Why yes, of course I think that they would want them out- if it could be done honorably...

'They' is the British people, 'them' is the British troops in the North of Irelandd. The speaker was Philip McKenrney, the British Consul General in Boston when he was asked if he thought the British people want their troops out of Ireland. The words, however, could have been vintage Richard Nixon as he discussed "peace with honor" in Viet-Nam, and the analogy is fitting, as there are several parallels between American invlowment in Viet-Nam and the current phase of the British occupation of Ireland.

The current phase in the British occupation of Ireland began in 1969 when a peaceful civil rights march by Catholics and other members of the Nationalist community was brutally attacked by large numbers of Loyalists at several points along their route with clubs, rocks, and bottles while the RUC watched on and encouraged the Loyalists. In some cases members of the RUC joined in the beatings. Some marchers were killed and hundreds were injured. The civil rights movement had begun in 1965, inapired by the gains made by the American civil rights movement under Martin Luther King.

Led by the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (NICRA), the movement was aimed at

cont. on page 12



death on the autobahn

believe in my dream? no-i could never ask that much from you.it's just that i presupposed that you bore the same love for this road. i was listening to the motorway too closely.

our car had no guidance to it's perpetual wheels, we'd long lost the rear-view and ignored the windshield. the accelerator; a switch w/no "off", we dared to push it on, past on-reckless on the autobahn.

and, oh hell, wasn't it heaven to live that way? all the harsh lust, speed, dust and turbine

what's so funny is that we were both so sure the other was driving...

now, all that gone, it seems so strange-i don't place blame, but neither will accept it. racing,we came so close to having it all-but a seized engine is no less than a wall.

-ryk mcintyre

Fire and sand flowing naturally, sta blue and green eyes, reaching inside my mind, my life. The intriguing smell of chemicals, a genius who teaches himself to learn. Skilled in the arts of life and love, can create and replace. Rands that can be as gentle as buttermilk, or directing and maternal. Expressions of love need no words, the nomad. Nan Warshaw, 1978

Una Isla

STOP, yes you you who look at the sun than shade your eyes from it you who dare analyze a rainbow chemically and scientifically instead of looking at it with absolute wonder and delight in it's beauty

who challenges a sunset

and their unbearable noise let your spirit free fly on an eagle's wing jump to the brightest star let your heart hatch with a robin than bloom with the wildflowers unfold, grow, bend with the wind

and their unbearable noise

on the horizon with jet planes

Hay wa isla que se Maria estrella, Oue a ni es ruy precioso. En ni comeón quera trilla, Se luce con calor anoroso.

Cuando yo llego a la crilla repieña, To recibo in sensación calma: Cando yo nedto en la capilla pequena. La serenidad intaliza nu alna.

-Rebecca Harris



psycho-sweater

i can't seem to follow the trends, i wear tight belts and i get the bends. i can't sleep 'cause my leather jock's too tight. don't touch me, i'm a compulsive buyer!

oh, psycho sweater...(well what about the socks?) fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa better run, run, run, run, run, run, run away! ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay!!!!!

you start a fashion trend that you can't even finish. you're wearing a lot--but it doesn't mean anything! when i have nothing to wear, i wear christian dior, wear something once, why wear it again?!?! (chorus)

je ne peux pas voir pour que tu suis si raíde de tes vétements. pourquoi pas jete toutes et habite dans les arbres? aille "au naturelle" et fais comme tu désires ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay!

we are vain and color-blind. i hate sweaters when they don't fit right! (chorus)

--rvk mcintyre/kathryn price (thanks and/or apologies to david byrne and the talking heads) --dedicated to the sweater hank pierce's mom made for him.

© 1981 Brains in the Dirt Music (...stir it around and make mind-pies...)



(no title)

psychedelic colors in the prisms of my head the prisms of my hands. moonlight? slides between the blinds and deposits on the floor a small offering of tuppence and a small offering of tolerance slips thru of tolerance slips thru the slats of the floor and falls down to the nether-darkness of moonbeams nether-darkness of moonbeams i sit and wonder wander in my head soaring about the invisible boundaries of my head i see the starlight 6 feel the starlight 6 feel the starlight 6 touch and then i die with the starshines. Dive dive to the bottom of the ocean floor where the starfish are wanty colors and the many colors and the mushrooms grow in abundance. we sit around the majestic around the majestic pillow with the master and he offers us he coughs up the bread--he breaks the bond in micro scopic fragments and then then we all zoom to the top of an infrared crumb an infrared crumb
where we partake of
an innocent meal or two.
the colors fly by with
increasing speed and
the stars begin to fade as
the spaceship breaks
the barrier and we float
free in the...limitless
...blackness....darkness...pillow-soft
and then fall, fall
with smazing swiftness
faster, faster faster faster...

and then the linoleum is cold and my shirt is scratchy it is time to go to school and/ with no food for hours, yet and all my books are not here so i walk/ out the door into the/ rain and turn and wave/ good-bye to the master.

If Bushes were Men. would Redwoods

All the kids on the road with knapsacks... going from one disaster to another. Bill Graham



But if you were not mad, you would not be here. The Mad Hatter

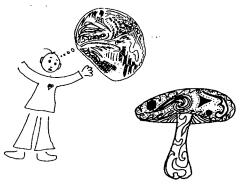
There was a bird flown by my window blacker than a raven's wing with eyes as white as thundermate. Buried beneath my feather cover I shivered at his raucous acream and hid from his sight, for I knew he'd come for me. tor I knew ne a come for me.

Damm your glowing eyes
that seek me but see nought
of what I have known.

Devil kiss turned in deceit,
I have known your demon touch
in moments when greater women would not have fallen and did not shrink away

when your eyes fell on my unriddled with crucifix sores. --Becca Kovar





The blank walls, bare oak floor
once inhabited by a bed and me. An empty closet
formerly
cluttered, once life touched-now cobwebs brush lightly across
the ceiling until the next moving-in.

(

'76 or '77 --- Donna DeBiasse



And nothing else exists. It is.
I feel it.
It is free flight in crisp air. I drink the blue sky And sing...

--Pandora Setian

--Space

It may be that our role on this planet is not to worship God-but to create him.
Arthur C. Clarke

Hello... my name is Snavely and I am the quardian to the land of Loopa where all is how the would you like to come?

Just believe, and you're there

i do not do drugs... i am drugs. --Salvadore Dali

Friend...GOOD. Frankenstein Monster

Love is when two people who care for each other get confused. Bob Schneider

It'd be nice to publish alternate universes.... Jerry Garcia

Star Island 1981

In misty radiance rises our island. Transcending harsh wind, and sea Who would crumble her. Serene who would crimble her. Serene Haven, of pure loving spirits Drawing wanderers from across time, Space. Oneness sought through her hearts.

Beating in the rhythm of the tides, heartbeat Found in the waves caressing our island. Our Star is timeless: Constant Polaris of the sea We orient our spirits To tune with her, and thus find serenity.

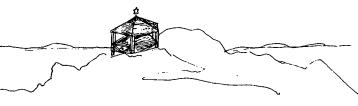
We are her children now, and she serene As our archetypical Mother, in heart And in her loving spirit. In young fmitation we are islands, And connected beneath some sea; Such unity is timeless.

Yet fleeting seems our time:
We cringe, fearing to lose this serenity,
This new-found tranquility. The sea
Might rise to drown us. Our hearts
Fill with anxiety. We remember: "Islands
Arc we all in truth, in spirit..."

Are we all in truth, in spirit..."

But no Our spiritual
Union is timeless.
One need not return to islandhood,
Nor erect a breakwater to protect a serene,
Unthreatened coast. How heartless
To wall out this sea
Of love, this infinte connecting sea,
This universal spirit.
We have sought to bear our hearts
Here. Thus a day is eternify in Star-time,
Beings fill with serenity
And find they are no longer islands
ere by the sea: this is our time

were by the sea: this is our time.
In spirit we are serene,
and in heart we are loving on Star Island. --- Margo Hobbs



$oldsymbol{\angle}$ Living For The Dream cont. from page 10

fighting the officially sanctioned discrim-

fighting the officially sauctioned diacrimination against Catholics in employment, housing, education, and government. Between 1965 and 1969 several civil rights marches had been sttacked, but the attack on this march had been the worst.

Riots broke out in the wake of the attack on the civil rights march. On the evening of August 12, 1969, Loyalist mobs, "B" specials, and members of the RUC in Derry and Belfast brutally attacked Nationalist areas killing several people and burning homes. Entire blocks of homes in Nationalist steas were burned out. In all, over five-hundred homes were destroyed. The Nationalist people were defenseless and it appeared likely that the government in the Irish Free State would be compelled by public opinion to send Irish troops into occupied Ireland. As a result, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson ordered several thousand British troops into the north of Irelands as "peacekeeping" force. It was at this point that the Provisional IRA broke from the "official" IRA, which had been dormant since 1962, and adopted a policy of defending Nationalist areas.

In the beginning, there may have been some justification to the claims that the army was in Ireland in a peacekeeping role in that they probably prevented a major bloodbath and full-scale war against the unprepared Nationalist community. By the end of 1969, however, it became apparent that British army had no intention of leaving and their major role was to preserve the status quo agaist a feared intervention by the Free State army and the ultimate liberation of the six occupied countries of Ireland.

According to Meurig Parri, a former intentive of the prime the service of the preserve the status of the prime the service of the preserve the status of the prime the service of the preserve the status of the prime the service of the preserve the status of the prime the service of the preserve the status of the prime the service of the pr

Ireland.

According to Meurig Parri, a former infantry officer in the British army who served seven tours of duty in occupied Ireland between October of 1969 and1973, by the middle of 1970 it was apparent to the British solder that they were no longer a "peacekeeping" force but were, in fact, fighting a war against the Nationalist community Parri went on to say that the initial welcome that the British army had received in Nationalist areas changed rapidly to hatred as the true role of the army became apparent.

By the end of 1970 British solders were receiving full battle traning prior to being sent into Ireland and the instructions

on the "vellow cards" (instructions on when a solder could use his gun) were changed to permit shooting "any time it was reasonably certain that the person was a member of the certain that the person was a member of the enemy". During 1970 the British also encouraged the soldiers to fraternize with the Nationalist population in the hope that the soldiers would gain useful intelligence information and that the peonle would grow to sympathize with the soldiers. What happened instead was that the soldiers began to sympathize with the Nationalists which resulted in over three-hundred British soldiers deserting between 1970 and 1973.

In 1971 intermment began and over one-thousand Nationalists were rounded up and held in two jeils, one prison aftp, and two rural concentration comps without charges for indefinite periods of time. The Nationalists' reaction was extreme. Five thousand

alists' reaction was extreme. Five thousand alists' reaction was extreme. Five thousand refugees fied into the Free State and the Provisional IRA stepped up activity, shifted to an offensive compaign against the British army and the RUC. The NICRA helped organize a rent strike in public housing and a tax witholding campaign to protest internment. The NICRA also organized several massive anti-interment machine.

The NICRA also organized several massive anti-internment marches.

It was at one of these marches, on Sunday January 30, 1972 (Bloody Sunday) that British paratroopers opened fire on the marchers as the rally was about to begin, killing thirteen demonstrators instantly and wounding scores of others. None of those killed and injured were armed and none of the paratroopers were injured. At the conclusion of his inquest, the Derry city coroner, Major Hubert O'Neill, accused the British paratroopers of "sheer unadult-

city coroner, Major Hubert O'Neill, accused the British paratroopers of "sheer unadulterated murder".

The paralells to Viet-Nam are clearest when looking at the British governments reasons for the continued occupation of the north of Ireland. According to observers, including Meurig Pari, there are four major reasons the British government wishes to continue it's occupation which are borne out by evaluation of past and present British actions, British documents, and speeches by British politicians. British politicians.

British politicians.

First, and perhaps most importantly, since the end of World War II England has watched their empire, which once covered nearly one third of the Earth's surface, disintergrate as Nationalist movements were successful in winning independence. The psychological impact of this disintegration within England is incelculable.

Growing out of this is Britain's own version of the Domino Theory. That is, if Ireland goes, the British reason, Scotland and Wales may follow. Considering the growing Nationalist movements in Scotland and

Wales, this fear may be justified.

The third consideration is economic. In occupied Ireland, the British have a source of cheap labor. This cheap labor makes it much easier for the British govern-ment to hold down wages in the rest of Britian.

The final major consideration is the "Cuba Syndrome". Ireland does not belong to NATO and public sentiment is against joining NATO. The British government appears to fear that if they were to completely withdraw from Ireland it would jepordize Britian's accounts.

security.
As a result, British has made a major As a result, Britian has made a major effort to convince their soldiers and the rest of the world that they are winning the war in occupied Ireland and that the "end" is in sight despite British intelligence showing that Britian is losing the war. The majority of British soldiers however, realize that they are losing the war and as a result of this morale is at an all time low. Alcoholism is a major problem in the army and large numbers of officers and enlisted men are leaving the army early because of and large numbers of others and unlasted men are leaving the army early because of objections to the war. The war has also created major recruiting problems for the British army, even in high unemployment

British Prime Minister Margaret
Thatcher insists that occupied Ireland is
part of British and that therefore British
will never leave, despite the fact the
latest polls have shown that over 60% of
the British people want the troops out now.
This is unacceptable to the Nationalist
immunity on both edge of the artificially community on both sides of the artificially created border who are willing to fight and

created border who are willing to fight and die if necessary to realize their goal of a free and united Ireland.

It seems clear that it will take open discussions between the various communities in all of Ireland to achieve this goal peacefully. It is also clear, however, that the Loyalist community has no reason to enter such a dialogue and sacrifice any of their discriminatory advantages while they have the British government's promise that the British army will be there as long as they want them to stay. The only way such dialogue will occur and a neaceful settlement will be reached is when the British government announces that it is leaving Ireland once and for all.

editors note-- Since the completion of this article two more hunger strikers have died: Joe McDonnell and Martin Hurston. At the time of this printing there are three others 'Kieran Doherty, Kevin Lynch, and Thomas McElwee) who are reported to be close to death...



In The Beginning...

In the beginning...

People Soup, that's a funny name. It brings to mind things like Communion, as in Stranger in a Strange land. It brings to mind a common element, the sea is often referred to as a rich soup we're all in".

This is People Soup, It is rubtished by Liberal Religious Vouth... The Soup will movide wew with news of Liberal religious wouth and the world at lange. It will act as a communication link, uniting nouth across the continent, acting as a forum for the expression of ideas and ideals. I believe this newspaper will become extremely valuable to you as a program resource, as an information service and as entertaining reading. ina.

And so ... without much further ado .. Unaccustomed as 1 am to public speaking ...

(This appeared on the cover of PEOPLE SOUP Voume 1 1354e 1 November/December 1973)



(sung to the tune of "Finlandia" by Sibelius)

We would be one, as now we join in singing Our hymn of youth, to pledge ourselves anew To that high cause of greater understanding Of who we are, and what in us is true. We would be one in living for each other To show the world a new community.

We would be one, in building for tomorrow A greater world than we have know today. We would be one, in searching for that meaning Which binds our hearts, and points us on our w way. As one we pledge ourselves to greater service, With love and justice to make us free.

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